

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Inc. 51 to 53 Park Row, New York.
JOSEPH PULITZER, President, 51 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 51 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: In Advance, for One Year, \$10.00; for Six Months, \$6.00; for Three Months, \$3.50. Single Copies, 10 Cents.
All Countries to the International Postal Union.
VOLUME 57, NO. 20,097

AN IMPETUS?

WITH Italy deeper in the struggle, Roumania at least in action and Greece on the verge, there seems at least a hope of decisive campaigning that may advance the war toward some conclusion.

Against an attack by Roumania's fresh troops directed upon Transylvania, Austria will find it hard to make a strong defense, pressed as she is already by Italian and Russian armies. If, at the same time, Greece were to join Roumania and the allies in an effort to shut off Bulgaria and Turkey from communication with the Central Powers, it is difficult to see how Germany could spare enough troops from the Anglo-French and Russian fronts to keep up her end in the Balkans. A real shake-up to the eastward seems in sight.

The plain truth is the rest of the world can hardly wait to be assured of some preponderant movement in the struggle—something to break the monotony of grinding death and destruction that bring the end no nearer. The longer the conflict lasts, the more oppressive becomes the lack of telling change, the absence of heroic rise or fall of fortune, the swallowing up of all glamour and glory in a vast welter of unavailing slaughter.

On the western battle front it often seems as if opposing generals might just as well shake dice from day to day to see which side shall shoot a few score thousand of its own men. The dead pile higher, but the gains, one way or another, remain pitifully small. Lines bend but never break.

One of the great reasons, we believe, why loathing for war has grown until it stifles many of the older fighting instincts in millions of human hearts, one of the great reasons why Americans have found themselves unable to thrill as in other days at the thought of righteous battle, is to be found in the appalling dearth of anything inspiring, superb, or splendid in the interminable, monotonous murder to which modern warfare, as observed in Europe, has reduced itself.

Considered in the mass, no such fighting can either quicken the pulses or make militant the soul. From a distance it can seem only hideously, inexplicably futile.

The Republican candidate is enjoying a few days' restful mountain climbing in Colorado, leaving his fellow countrymen to hit the high places as best they may until he gets to work on them again.

THEY HAVE HAD AMPLE TIME.

IN THE event of a general railroad strike the public would have every right to look for a great deal more than merely such aid or protection as it might be the duty of the Government to furnish.

Railroad managers have had plenty of time to measure the probable effects of a strike upon their respective systems. They know, or ought to know, pretty closely what employees they can count on and what reserves could be drawn from their retired lists. They have had ample opportunity to make arrangements for employing as many new men as can be found who are competent to run engines or man trains.

If there is a strike, freight and passenger services are bound to suffer and suffer seriously. But it should be possible to move food and mails without asking the Government for anything more than due protection for trains and the men who run them.

Prosperity, with its high-piled freight, caught the railroad managers napping. Let's hope that adversity, in the shape of a strike, would find them better prepared.

Frederick W. Whitridge, President of the Third Avenue Railroad, has returned from Europe, leaving out short his stay abroad "because of labor conditions in New York and the United States." Funny! The impression somehow got around that he preferred to study those conditions from Perthshire.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Did you ever stop to think how queer it is that so few men of good sense disagree with you?—Macon News.

The cheering suggestion that there is nothing like adversity to bring a man out is under no new application especially to his toes, knees and elbows.—Deseret News.

A specialist commends yawning as a beneficial exercise for the throat. The yawn may have use after all.—Nashville Banner.

Who weighs well his words finds many so light that they are not worth utterance.—Albany Journal.

The reason the old-fashioned girl looked under the bed for a man was because she knew he wasn't there.—Toledo Blade.

Letters From the People

Phone Department of Education. To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there any free business school in this city where I may obtain a course in about six months? T. W.

Yes; That Is Not Specified; To Keep Foreign Powers Out of America. To the Editor of The Evening World:

If the Germans landed on Canadian soil, would that be ignoring the Monroe Doctrine? Would it be the duty of the United States to intervene? What was the purpose of drawing up the Monroe Doctrine? E. J. K.

Present Plans to Open Sept. 25. To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will the high schools be opened on the regular scheduled day, Sept. 11? G. J. H.

Yes; They Are Paid on Yearly Basis. To the Editor of The Evening World:

Do public school teachers get paid for the months of July and August? A. B.

Evening High School Apply Board of Education. To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I receive a thorough preparation for a college or scientific school free of charge at an evening school in New York City? ANXIOUS.

Is It Right. To the Editor of The Evening World:

A claimant's disposition is born with him and can never be changed and that the character can be changed. B claims the disposition and character can both be changed. G. C.

The Majority Belong to Canada. To the Editor of The Evening World:

A friend says that the Thousand Islands belong to the United States. I say that more than half of them belong to Canada. Advice who is right. R. G.

Light or Blight?

By J. H. Cassel



The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
"SEE by the papers," said Popple, the shipping clerk, "that the Russians have taken Mosh from the Turks. There you are, folks! Make your own jokes."
"That is funny," replied Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss. "Now, I presume the poor Turks will starve."
"The town was first subjected to a hot fire."
"Then it must have been fried Mosh they took," said Bobbie, the office boy.

"A very cheap witicism," snapped Miss Prim.
"You mean yours or mine?"
"Oh!" snorted the private secretary. "I'd like to see that boy fired. He's insulting."
"Now, now," said Spooner, the bookkeeper, pleasantly. "There's no good in quarrelling. I see by the papers that a Long Island doctor intends to use an aeroplane in visiting patients."

"There's a man who will get up in his profession," said Miss Tillie, the blond stenographer.
"But it makes him mad to get calls," said Bobbie.
"Mad? Why?"
"Every call will make him roar."
"If I couldn't think of a better joke than that I'd go soak my head," said Miss Tillie.

"And fade out that lovely yellow hair!" asked Bobbie.
"Here, you chop that stuff!" snarled Miss Tillie.
"Just a moment," came from Spooner. "We mustn't argue. Come on, now, Miss Tillie. You and Bobbie make up."
"She's made up already," said Bobbie.

"How do you mean that?" demanded the blond.
"Sometimes Bobbie is funny," chuckled Miss Prim.
"Hah!" That's an old joke," said Miss Tillie.

"Bobbie!" snorted the private secretary. "That's an insult."
"Sometimes Bobbie is funny," came from Miss Tillie.
"Young man," said Miss Prim.

"I'll have you know I first saw the light of day in 1894."
"Oh, then I'm sorry," said Bobbie.
"Well, they're draughts out there that ain't good for us elderly folks," "Wow!" sang out Bobbie.

Miss Prim went out and slammed the door.

What Is a Cultured Woman?

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

THE other day in the country I was visiting some friends who were living the simple life and were rather "roughing it" for the summer. Such people always have a good time because they bring the good time with them.

A young woman was visiting them, one who has travelled much and who has seen considerable of the world in other countries, but if any girl ever "fitted in" this girl did.

Accustomed as she had been to all the good things of life she was unspotted, and her attitude toward those who spoke louder than words as to the innate culture that was hers.

She could not be comfortable herself unless everybody around her was comfortable. She was cordial and gracious to strangers and she made her feel at once that you had known her a long time.

Consideration is the fundamental principle of the kind of culture this girl has. Nothing seemed too much for her to do, to give pleasure, and she seemed to get pleasure in doing it.

She is the kind of person you want to invite to your house, because you know she will be "no trouble." She is the kind of person who has no fancies and fancies that she is always thrusting upon you. She takes things as they come and meets them.

She does not make one feel her superiority, because of her advantages. She thinks meekly and therefore will always grow.

She has a kindly attitude toward every one she meets, and immediately puts them at ease with her, be it the housemaid or the honored guest.

I could not help reflecting that here was genuine culture, not the kind that you spell with capital letters and that you put on a pedestal, something you think you can never reach; but the real thing itself.

It is good to behold, I have seen it in many a young woman of the east side, and I have realized it in many a lowly laborer. It is not a matter of society but a matter of self. It is not a matter of book learning but an appreciation of life. It need not be born and may be acquired—acquired by keeping in close touch with the Golden Rule.

Here are a few symptoms of real culture among women. You will find it in:

The young woman who does not think she knows more than her mother because she has been to college and her mother has not.

The woman who does not always need to have her creature comforts attended to before the others.

She who can learn something from the housekeeper as well as the society woman.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

The woman who does not expect to be the center of attention because her grandfather did something brave.

War Myths and Legends

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

IT is in periods of great stress and trial, and especially in time of war, that the legends of myths and miracles usually have their origin, to be handed down through credulous generations.

Present-day appeals to the most primitive emotions of mankind. The reign of reason is temporarily overthrown and men return "to sit in superstition's lap and hear again the oft-told tales of the puritans and the marvelous." Scores of legends of supernatural intervention have sprung up during this war and have found a multitude of ready believers.

The Russians are the most prolific of myth manufacturers, and according to the tales that are told around the camp fires and in peasant households, saints without number have returned to give their counsel and guidance to the soldiers of the Czar.

The Germans, especially those of the South, have displayed a similar fertility of pious imagination. The freethinking Frenchman of the city scoffs at such notions, but the peasant soldiers of "la republic" fervently believe that Joan of Arc has often reappeared in the flesh and led the French to victory. Perhaps the most remarkable of these myths, that dealing with the miraculous appearance at Mons of St. George and the women of Agincourt, who saved the British from annihilation, has found ready credence in England, although it has now been demonstrated that this legend originated in a clever bit of fiction written by Arthur Machan and originally published in the London Evening News, and was a literary invention pure and simple.

The uplifter who does not deem it above her to come in touch with the poverty stricken and the helpless, the wife who is not forever "throwing up" to her husband how she "lowered" herself in marrying him because of her "respectable" family.

The sudden rich lady who prates about the common people and who only a few years back was one of them herself.

The young girl who does not snub her school neighbor because her father is a hod-carrier.

Culture is being simply myself and recognizing the rights of others.

Culture is being simply myself and recognizing the rights of others.

Culture is being simply myself and recognizing the rights of others.

Culture is being simply myself and recognizing the rights of others.

Culture is being simply myself and recognizing the rights of others.

Culture is being simply myself and recognizing the rights of others.

Culture is being simply myself and recognizing the rights of others.

Culture is being simply myself and recognizing the rights of others.

Culture is being simply myself and recognizing the rights of others.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

VERY, verily, my daughter, these things doth every man cherish in his memory all the days of his life:

His first shoo.
His first pair of trousers.
His first fight.
His first mustache.
His first motor car.
His first pipe.

The first dollar he ever earned.
The first fail he ever caught.
The first puff of a cigarette after breakfast.
And the first kiss of a woman.

And these things doth every man yearn vainly to forget all the days of his life:

His first dancing party.
His first disappointment in love.
His first morning-after headache.
His first smoke.

The first time he made a fool of himself over a woman.
And sometimes—his first wife.

But a woman remembereth longest and most tenderly her last dance, her last love, her last illusion, her last kiss, her last conquest—and her last headache.

Yes, verily, it is only the BEGINNING of things wherein a man is interested, but the END thereof is a woman's chief concern.

Therefore, when love is dead a man diggett its grave and buryeth its remains deep and forgetteth it.

But a woman buildeth a monument thereon and stroweth it with flowers. For, lo! a man is determined in his heart to travel only on the Sunny Side of Life's pathway.

But a woman walketh triumphantly in the Shadow and delighteth to SUFFER.
Selah.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

DINNER being over, Mr. and Mrs. Jarr were discussing the doings of the day. "Mrs. Mooker was in to see me to-day. Really, she seems a good soul."

"That's the fat woman who lives up the street?" asked Mr. Jarr, carelessly.

"She isn't as fat as Mrs. Stryver. But then she hasn't the money Mrs. Stryver has," explained Mrs. Jarr.

"Is your meaning that the poor are poorer in both a financial and a corporeal sense?" inquired Mr. Jarr.

"No, it isn't! Good form is mostly a matter of corsets," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Stryver is rich and can afford good corsets. Mrs. Mooker is poor and has to wear cheap corsets. That's what I mean."

"I didn't know corsets were so important," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"There's a lot of things you know nothing of," Mrs. Jarr went on. "Corsets are very important things—women at least."

"That's because they are about the ladies so much," remarked Mr. Jarr, who would have his little joke.

"Please, don't let us discuss the matter any further," said Mrs. Jarr. "I consider it a delicate one and in no sense a subject for jesting. I was going to say that Mrs. Mooker has three daughters and if you know what it is to dress girls these days, when everything is so dear, you wouldn't wonder that poor Mrs. Mooker has her worries. Only one of her girls is engaged and Mrs. Mooker says she doesn't know what is the matter with the young man 'these days. They do not seem to be able to support themselves, let alone a wife. Why, she says her husband gets theatre tickets through being connected with the theatrical business and—"

"And what has that got to do with his daughters' matrimonial prospects?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"It's got a great deal to do with it," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Because they can get theatre tickets the Mooker girls are very popular in society. But, as Mrs. Mooker says, after furnishing the tickets to the show the girls have to pay their beaux's carfare, and it is—"

"Admitting all that," asked Mr. Jarr, "where does the athletic young man who is camping out come in as a poor matrimonial prospect?"

"All they camp out for is to get tanned," said Mrs. Jarr. "The first week or so they are as sunburned that they are cross as bears and don't want to be near a girl. Then, when they have got good and tanned they want to show off before everybody, and they just stick around the beaches where the crowds are. No girl was ever proposed to in a crowd."

"Where's the best place?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"On long steamer voyages," replied his good lady.

"Well, I don't see what you're worrying about," ventured Mr. Jarr. "You have no marriageable daughters."

"No, but not so many years from now I shall have a marriageable daughter, and then I'll have something to worry about," replied Mrs. Jarr, and this alienated friend husband.

Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world.—CHESTERFIELD.

The Great Fire of London

ALTHOUGH London has been visited by many conflagrations, that one in its history which is capitalized as "The Great Fire" broke out just two and a half centuries ago on Sept. 2, 1666.

The fire was a blossoming in disguise, for up to that time the people had suffered terribly from pestilence and plague, due to the fact that they were densely packed in old wooden houses built along fetid lanes, without any regard to sanitation. The new London that arose on the ruins of the old provided much more healthful habitations, and after its purification by fire London seldom suffered from such terrible pestilences as had previously been of frequent occurrence.

Paul's, the Royal Exchange, the Guildhall, the city gates and many public buildings were destroyed. Less than a third of the city was left untouched by the flames.

The fire was a blossoming in disguise, for up to that time the people had suffered terribly from pestilence and plague, due to the fact that they were densely packed in old wooden houses built along fetid lanes, without any regard to sanitation. The new London that arose on the ruins of the old provided much more healthful habitations, and after its purification by fire London seldom suffered from such terrible pestilences as had previously been of frequent occurrence.

If wisdom be not our guide in the journey of life, it is more than probable that self-conceit will take its place.—DILLWYN.

Device to Hold Covers on Baby's Crib.

SEW a one-eighth-inch wire to spread side cover of bed—a spread or quilt or sheet. Sew a piece on each long side and on the short side at the foot of the crib. Tie the wire with tape to the rod on the bedstead that parallels the wire. Small rings can be put on the wire about twelve inches apart if desired. To open covers, untie the tape.

The other covers are held in position simply by pinning them all to the top one in two places. The most restless baby cannot pull this cover off because it is securely fastened on both sides, says Popular Science Monthly.

